

The Daily Courier.

Lated as second class matter at the 10 below, Connellsville, Pa.

THE COUNTRY COMPANY.
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JAMES J. DUFFIELD,
Secretary and Treasurer
Advertising and Circulation Manager.

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FRIDAY EVENING JULY 23, 1915.

**OUR ACCOUNT
WITH THE B. & O.**

The leading men of Connellsville have been negotiating with the Baltimore & Ohio management for improved service at Connellsville, the object being the employment of more men at this point. The railroad managers have given ear to the proposition, in fact it was of halfread status, and they have agreed to employ more men if Connellsville merchants will so far as possible ship their freight over the B. & O. lines. The merchants have been making a faithful effort to meet this requirement, but complaint is made that the shop agreement is not being fulfilled in good faith. However that may be, The Courier desires to remind the railroad what it owes to Connellsville on some outstanding obligations of the duty past which have probably been forgotten if they were ever known by the present management.

The Ziebach-CConnell charter covenants, "that the space left opposite the ferry and fronting on said river, shall be and continue free for the use of the inhabitants of said town, and for travelers who may erect thereon temporary boats, or may from time to time occupy the same or any part thereof for making any vessel or other convenience for the purpose of conveying their property to or from said town. And the said Ziebach-CConnell doth further promise and covenant with the inhabitants of said town, and others who choose to frequent the same, that all landing, harbours, or other conveniences and advantages of said river opposite said town or adjoining Water street, after paid shall be free to them at all times for the purpose of hauling timber, stone and other materials for building, or for the use of fishing vessels for removal of fish, persons or property to any place whatever."

This meant that the space front along Water street, 100 feet open and free to the stream, and to vessels and trailers. This charter was executed in 1853. Connellsville was erected into a borough in 1853. In 1853, the Town Council granted the Pittsburg & Connellsville railroad a right of way over Water street, after the railroad company had run to the mouth of the street. Originally a single track was laid on the street connecting the Fayette County railroad to Uniontown. That was all the right of way contemplated in the grant, but subsequent other tracks were laid, and after the Pittsburg & Ohio Lateral Company absorbed the Pittsburg & Connellsville railroad the river front was also appropriated without any warrant whatever and in direct violation of the covenant of the Connell charter. A right will now effectively bar future grants of rights from the railroad. Owning to the fact that the B. & O. service is now divided into the river along this front, the desirability of its being free for public use has been somewhat dimmed, but when the rivers are purified, or they will be, this char'le will which bars the way to the river front will become an blessing rather than a curse.

No other title of record received or a free right of way through Connellsville. All have paid handsomely for the privilege of constructing their lines over the city streets, and through private property. The Pittsburg & Ohio still owns Connellsville's some 100 feet of right of way through the town.

But our account with the B. & O. does not end here.

It is the bronch of Connellsville subscriber for 2,000 acres of the capital stock of the Pittsburgh & Connellsville Railroad Company and issued \$100,000 bonds, and delivered them to the company to payment of valid stock. In other words the brave little borough mounted a brief for all it was worth to help build the railroad. The railroad company, on its part, agreed to "make and keep the railroad the central point on their railroad for repair shops, etc., as Altoona is on the Pennsylvania railroad."

That condition has never been fulfilled, and it is not being fulfilled now. The Connellsville people are now asking the railroad to keep the original agreement.

Turning to another page of the Connellsville public records, we find another agreement with the B. & O. for 1,000 acres of land.

done upon the further assurance of the company that the shop agreement above mentioned would be carried out in good faith. The company erected some shops on this ground, but never seriously attempted to fulfill its agreement to build some subsequently it built the Glenwood shop and for some years withdrew practically all its shopmen from Connellsville. A dimpled and earnest protest was made in 1857, but the road was then in the hands of receivers, and they refused to make any changes in the shop arrangements. They admitted the justice of Connellsville's claim, but they said they could not agree to remove the shop back to Connellsville. However, they rated that certain and improvements were contemplated here which would eventually involve shops. These improvements were made. They include the yards and shops as they now are between Main street and South Connellsville along the river bottom.

But the shops at Glenwood remain, and they are better and better than those at Connellsville, so that the agreement between the railroad and the city is unfulfilled, which is to say that the long-standing account of Connellsville against the B. & O. is unsettled.

Connellsville has been accused of being unfriendly toward the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company. Nothing could be further from the truth. We are and always have been partial to the B. & O. Our complaint is that the B. & O. has never properly appreciated our friendship, and that in the matter of its shops it is not keeping full faith with Connellsville today.

THE BOYS ARE BACK.
"The boys are coming back," declared Editor Alton P. Cooper in the Fayette County Republic in Committee meeting a year ago. At that time they were on the way, though some of them had not announced their arrival. They are now home, according to memory. Its members come from各地 of New York and the major cities of old Europe. Our complaint is that the B. & O. has never really met us. It is not strange that they have returned, in the language of the York Dispatch.

Progressives were very anxious about the Republi-

cans. They analyzed every moral

theory of popular government

and ethics which were distinguishing

declarations of a platform

which included the several demands

of Rep. Blaineism. So it was that

when the presidential election of 1884

was removed by a deadlocked

vote, the party was immediately va-

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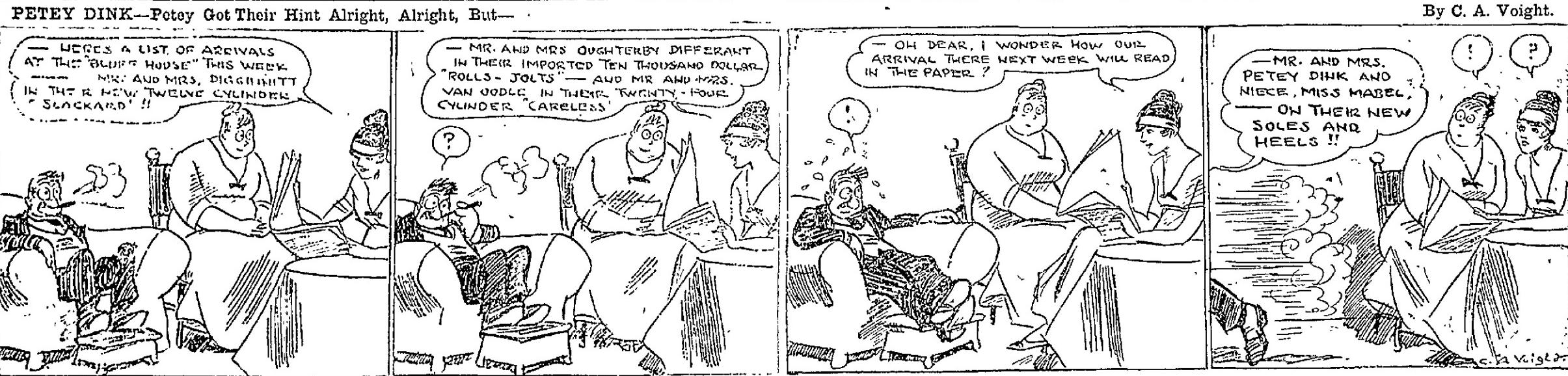
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By C. A. Voight.



REDINGOTE COAT.

The Garment of Louis Philippe's Reign Is Again Revived.



ADVANCED AUTUMN MODEL.

Coat of covert in redingote fashion, with deep plait to give additional fullness. These plaits are not stitched, but held in place at the waist line by a snappy fitting belt of the material. The deep cuffs are trimmed with a row of tan bone buttons and over the flaring collar is worn a separate collar or white linen.

TIN NOVELTIES.

Articles Which Contribute a Gay Note In Outdoor Life.

Among the daintiest tin novelties which some ingenious brain has evolved is the door knocker into which the guest's name or card may be slipped and save confusion in a home of many visitors. And how that door stopper parties are so in vogue, tables are being decorated in gay flowers for the purpose of holding back doors when strong breezes blow.

A charming idea is that of the painted tin cluster of flowers forming the old time curtain knob or rosette as it was called. These are only effective on a photo curtain and not on curtains.

Sure to be popular is a practical ornamental painted tin bell in which ice can be packed about any iced drink and be carried out to the tea rooms or for a garden tea. Popular, too, are the long tin horns which are meant to summon guests at the tea hour for the meal. The convenient newspaper rack will no doubt figure conspicuously in the up-to-date veranda.

The bird houses of the painted tin, if they are put up in a more or less sheltered place, promise to be a decorative note of color on the lawn. Painted tin has also been introduced into garden novelties. Watering pots of different sizes for my lady who does the sprinkling of her choice blossoms cannot but appeal to the fair gardener. The garden sticks come both in the painted tin and wood, as do the weather vanes.

The Ethics of Borrowing.

Some time since a little girl, who lived in a rural community, appeared at the back door of a neighbor's house with a small basket in her hand. "Mrs. Smith," said she, as the neighbor answered her timid knock, "mother wants to know if you won't please lend her a dozen eggs. She wants to put them under a hen."

"Put them under a hen?" was the wondering rejoinder of the neighbor. "I didn't know that you had a hen."

"We haven't," was the frank rejoinder of the little girl. "We are going to borrow the hen from Mrs. Brown,"—Christina Enderton World.

To Clean Bronze.

Dip the bronze object into boiling water and rub with a flannel cloth dipped in soapuds made from yellow soap. Dry with a soft cloth and then polish off with a chamois.

Miss Emma J. Baumann, Soloist, Will Please Chautauqua Goers



MISS EMMA J. BAUMANN.

MISS BAUMANN is the soprano of the Haydn Quartet, which will appear at all the seven-day Redpath-Brockway Chautauquas this season. Miss Baumann possesses an unusually clear and beautiful voice and as a soloist has few who surpass her. It will be a great pleasure to Chautauqua goers to listen to this talented young lady.

GETTING THEM SOFT.

It was their first breakfast in their little flat after they had returned from the honeymoon trip. Lovy had asked Dovie to fix him a couple of soft boiled eggs. When the eggs were served Lovy opened one of them and found it to be as hard as a rock. "These eggs are very hard," explained Lovy. "I wanted them boiled soft."

"Well, dear, they ought to be soft," replied Dovie. "I just boiled them and boiled them and boiled them until I felt sure that they must be soft. But I only boiled them for twenty minutes."

"Perhaps I should have let them boil for half an hour,"—Chela and Captain.

STUFFED CUCUMBERS.

Take large, firm cucumbers and cut them in two lengthwise. Peel and remove the seeds and pulp. Mix bread-crumb with the pulp and season it with melted butter, salt and pepper. Place this mixture in the shells, sprinkle more bread-crumb over the top and set in the oven to brown. A little water must be put in the pan to steam the cucumbers while they are browning; otherwise the crumbs will burn before the cucumber shell is cooked. This dish goes well with almost any combination of food.

Clever Hen.

One of England's sporting poets is the Earl of Norwich, and they tell a story about an answer which his lordship once gave to some one who had chaffed him about some of his hunting games.

"Yes," he replied, with a smile, "I admit that some of them were rather tame." I could the wandering hen. A hen, you know, set out to see the world and met a crow in a distant wood.

"But," said the crow, "are you not afraid, without good wings, of losing your way in all this tangle?"

"Afraid? Not I," replied the hen. "Every yard or two I lay an egg to guide myself back by." — London Globe.

In Futures.

The Studio Club of New York is a home for young women—naturally slightly younger women chiefly. Not long ago the girls were assembled in the hall to hear a lecture. A young matron, a member of the board, rose to make some announcements.

"Next Tuesday," she said, "Mrs. Blank will talk to you here on the subject of 'Marriage.' Those of you who heard her last year will remember how helpful her talk was." — New York Post.

Polish For Steel.

Sweet oil, one tablespoonful; turpentine, two tablespoonsfuls; emery powder, one tablespoonful.

Doubt of any sort cannot be removed except by action.—Goethe.

MOTOR COAT AND TAM.

Plaid Woolen Mixture Makes Warm and Useful Garment.



FOR THE SPORTS WOMAN.

Motor coat of plaid woolen mixture, built on simple, roomy lines, loosely belted and with deep pockets. At the sides, with the coat is worn a tam-o'-shanter of knitted silk plaid.

FURNISHING VERANDA.

Among the Possibilities.

Every well appointed country house has a veranda, terrace or gallery that is practically an outdoor sitting room. Unfortunately, however, the best appointments for these are still expensive at the effect shops, being classified as novelties or specialties. Willow armchairs and Gloucester armchairs have greatly reduced in price, but tables, marble sets, settles, etc., of good design are still high.

On the other hand, it is possible, with a little skill and a great deal of paint, to furnish a veranda very attractively with little money.

A charming breakfast porch can be equipped entirely with kitchen furniture painted and decorated like the expensive peasant and cottage sets which are in vogue at present. One of the heavy, plain framing tables that can be converted into a settle is the best type of table to buy, and the chairs should be of the plainest.

"Give me the former," he replied instantly. "The chances for his falling victim to the temptations of baseball are fewer. He may not be as well posted as to city ways, but in one season you cannot tell the difference. They come larger, stronger, live cleaner and think more clearly than city boys do. Besides, the majority of them have the right idea in view. They want to get money to buy a farm."

"Twenty years ago ten years ago the major league baseball teams were recruited almost entirely from the larger cities. Cincinnati led in production for years, then Boston, then St. Louis. A dozen years ago 50 per cent of the major league players hailed from New England and from the Atlantic states. Now more than 90 per cent of all major league players come from farms or from small villages, and the farms produce a greater number of good players than come from any other place.

"Rube Waddell, Rube Marquard,

Rube Eells, Rube Benton—a score of rubes have shown in major league baseball, and their nickname once was one of ridicule. Not now. Managers of major league baseball teams are looking for rubes, and when they say rube they mean, not the uncouth or the awkward recruit, but the clean cut, clean living boy from the farm."

WHERE THE MAIDS WOO.

Capturing a Husband in India is an Ordeal at Times.

It would be a great mistake to imagine that there are no countries where the bushy bachelor does not have to wait and be wooed.

Is the Torres Straits Islands, for instance, the height of bad form for a young man to make the first advances in wooing. Even after the preliminary steps, which consist of the exchange of bracelets, everything is not plain sailing. A girl sends a message to a young man to meet her, and if all goes well she urges him to name the day. When mothers have gone as far as this it is no longer necessary for him to play the part of the modest violet, and he replies, "Tomorrow, if you wish." Then they go home and tell their relatives, who promptly celebrate the occasion by a general mela.

Among some of the rude tribes of India a woman's coyness is a less agreeable experience. If the man of her choice does not respond she takes a jar of rice beer and sits down in his house. The women of the family know what the idea means, and if they do not want the marriage to "come off" they are allowed to use any means short of personal violence to eject the fair wafer from their doors. They may put pepper in the fire, drench her with water, or load her with opprobrious epithets, but to gain the man of her choice the lady has only to hold out for some two or three hours and the bridegroom is hers.

Travel By Trolley

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West Penn Railways

You can reach the most places of interest at the cheapest rates and with the greatest degree of comfort and safety by using the WEST PENN LINES.

Fast, Frequent Service to all Coke Region Points

Brownsville, Masontown, Martin, Fairchance, Uniontown, Dunbar, Connellsville, Oliver, Juniata, Vanderbilt, Dickerson Run, Scottdale, Mt. Pleasant, Tarr, Illecia, Youngstown, Latrobe, Youngwood, Greensburg, Jeannette, Irwin, Trafford City.

Courteous Employees.

Low Rates.

Reliable Service.

FARM BOYS IN BASEBALL.

Managers Think They Outclass the City Brad Youngsters.

"The other day I inquired of a major league manager what class of young men he wanted for his team," writes Hugh S. Fullerton in Farm and Fireside.

"Give me the former," he replied instantly. "The chances for his falling victim to the temptations of baseball are fewer. He may not be as well posted as to city ways, but in one season you cannot tell the difference. They come larger, stronger, live cleaner and think more clearly than city boys do. Besides, the majority of them have the right idea in view. They want to get money to buy a farm."

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PAVING

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BLOCK

Soisson Building Brick

IRON SPOT ROUGH TEXTURE

GREY VELOUR BUFF VELOUR

MOYER RED VELOUR CORDUROY REDS

COMMON BUILDING BRICK

Stock on Hand for Immediate Delivery.

SEE SAMPLES AT OFFICE.

Joseph Soisson Fire Brick Co. Connellsville, Pa.

Why a Savings

Account?

No guess work about it—brings tangible, profitable results—

Places small sums at interest immediately without worry, bother or risk.

Protect you from want—

Brings increased comforts as the years go by—

The old, reliable bank pays liberal interest.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

The Bank That Does Things For You.

120 W. Main St., Connellsville.

Capital and Surplus \$300,000.00.

WHITE LINE TRANSFER

J. N. TRUMP,

Moving and Hauling
PIANS & SPECIALTY.
WE SELL SAND.

Office 102 E. Grape Alley, Opposite P. R. R. depot. Both Phones

DR. BARNES MEDICAL INSTITUTE

At 105 W. Main St., Connellsville, For Chemists, Nurses, Blood, General Complicated and Special Diseases of Both Sexes.

Over Seven Years Established.

Dr. Barnes' Clinic in Specialties, small and large Admitted.

Open 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Every Tuesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

Other Days in Connellsville, including Sundays.

J. B. KURTZ, NOTARY PUBLIC AND REAL ESTATE.

No. 3 South Meadow Lane, Connellsville, Pa.

The Ball of Fire

By GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER and LILLIAN CHESTER

ILLUSTRATED by C.D.RHODES

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"Help you," offered Rev. Smith Boyd, with a glow of pleasure in his particularly fine eyes. "I used to have a twelve-holed bobbinet, which never started down the hill with less than fifteen."

"I never tode on one," complained Arly. "I think I'm due for a bobbinet party."

"You're invited," Lucile promptly told her. "Uncle Jim, you and Doctor Boyd will have to hant up your hill and save."

"I'll start right to work," offered the young rector, with the alacrity which had made him a favorite.

"If the snow holds, we'll go over into the Jersey hills, and slide," promised Sargent with enthusiasm. "I'll give the party."

"I seem to anticipate a pleasant evening," considered Ted Tonsdale, whose athletes were confined entirely to dancing. "We'll ride downhill on the sleds, and uphill in the mackinaws."

"That's barred," immediately protested Jim. "The boys have to pull the girls uphill. Isn't that right, Boyd?"

"It was correct form when I was a boy," returned the rector, with a laugh. He held his naticular hands out before him as if he could still feel the cut of the rope in his palms. He squared his big shoulders, and breathed deeply, in memory of those health-giving days. There was a flush in his cheeks, and his eyes, which were aquamarine green, glowed with a decided blue. Arlene Fosland, looking fably across at him, from the comfortable nest which she had not quitted all evening, decided that it was a shame that he had been crammed into the ministry.

"There's Gail!" cried Mrs. Sargent, jumping to her feet and running into the hall, before the bairns could come in answer to the bell. She opened the door and was immediately kissed, then Gail came back into the library without stopping to remove her fur. She was followed by Allison, and she carried something inside her coat. Her cheeks were rosy from the crisp air.



Rev. Smith Boyd Came Out With His Most Active Vestryman.

and the snow sparkled on her brown hair like tiny diamonds.

"We've been buying a dog!" she breathlessly explained, and, opening her coat, she produced an animated teddy bear, with two black eyes and one black pointed nose protruding from a puff ball of pure white. She set it on the floor, where it waddled uncertainly in three directions, and finally curled down between Rev. Smith Boyd's feet.

"A cold," said Rev. Smith Boyd, picking up the warm infant for an admiring inspection. "It's a beautiful puppy."

"Isn't it a dear?" exclaimed Gail, taking it away from him, and favoring him with a smile. She whisked the fluffy little ball over to her Aunt Grace and left it in that lady's lap, while she threw off her fur.

"Where could you buy a dog at this hour?" asked Mrs. Davies, glancing at the clock, which stood now at the evening hour of a quarter of eleven.

"We woke up the kennel men," laughed Gail, turning with a sparkling glance to Allison, who was being introduced ceremoniously to the ladies by Uncle Jim. "We had a perfectly glorious evening! We dined at Roseleaf Inn, entirely surrounded by health lights, then we drove five miles into the country and bought flakes. We came home so fat that Mr. Allison almost had to hold me in!" She turned, laughing, to find the eyes of Rev. Smith Boyd fixed on her in cold disapproval. They were no longer blue!

CHAPTER IV.

Too Many Men.

"A competence must be a nuisance to a rector," sympathized Gail Sargent, as she walked up the hill beside Rev. Smith Boyd.

The tall young rector shifted the sled rope of the sled to his other hand,

agreed with her upon something, "But it is in spite of the church, not because of it," she immediately added. "You can't say that there is a tremendous moral influence in a congregation which numbers eight hundred, and sends less than fifty to services. The balance show their devotion to Christianity by a quarterly check."

Rev. Smith Boyd felt unfairly hit. "That is the sorrow of the church," he sadly confessed; "the lukewarmness of its followers."

She felt a trace of compunction for him, but why had he gone into the ministry?

"Can you blame them?" she demanded, as much annoyed as if she had suffered a personal distress.

The rector flushed as if he had been struck, and he turned to Gail with that cold look in his green eyes.

"That is too deep a subject to discuss here, but if you will permit me, I will take it up with you at the house," he quietly returned, and there was a dogged compilation in his tone.

"Then you're guilty of an epigram," retorted Gail, who was annoyed with Rev. Smith Boyd without quite knowing why. "You can't believe all you are compelled, as a minister, to say."

"What?" returned Rev. Smith Boyd coldly. "It's a matter of interpretation."

He commanded himself for his pleasure, as he proceeded to instruct this mistaken young person. She was a lovable girl, in spite of the many things he found in her of which to disapprove. "The eye of the needle through which the camel was supposed not to be able to pass, was, in reality, a narrow city gate called the Needle's Eye."

Gail looked at him with that little smile at the corners of her red lips, creased down, curved lashes on her cheeks, and beneath the lashes a sparkle brighter than the moonlight on the snow crystals in the adjoining field.

"It seems to me there was something about wealth in that metaphor," she observed, her round eyes flashing open as she smiled up at him. "If it was so difficult even in those days for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven, how can a rich church hope to enter the spirit of the gospel?"

Rev. Smith Boyd hastily, and almost roughly, drew her aside, as a long, low possum, accompanied by appropriate jermies, came streaking down the hill, and passed them. They both turned and followed its progress down the narrowing white road, to where it curved away in a silver blue far at the bottom of a hill. Hills and valleys, and fence and trees, and even a distant stream were covered with the fleecy mantle of winter while high overhead in a sky of blue, hung a round, white moon, which flooded the countryside with mellow light, and strawed upon earth's fresh robes a wealth of countless sparkling gems.

"This is a wonderful sermon," mused Gail, then she turned to the rector. She softened toward him, as she saw that his too bad portion of the awe and majesty of this scene. He stood straight and tall, his splendidly poised head thrown back, and his gaze resting far off where the hills cut against the sky in tree-clad scallops.

"It is an inspiration," he told her, with a tone in his vibrant voice which she had not heard before; and for that brief instant these two, between whom there had seemed some inarticulate antagonism, were nearer in sympathy than either had thought it possible to be. Then Rev. Smith Boyd happened to remember something. "The morality or immorality of riches depends upon its use," he sonorously stated, as he stepped out into the road again, dragging his sled behind him, following the noisy, lolloping crowd with the number two bobbinet. Market Square church, which is the one I suppose you meant in your comparison with the rich man, intends to devote all the means with which a kind Providence has blessed it, to the glory of God."

"And the glorification of the billion-dollar vestry," she added, still annoyed with Rev. Smith Boyd, though she did not know why.

Again Rev. Smith Boyd drew her out of the road, almost ungraciously, and unnecessarily in advance of need, to permit a thick man to glide leisurely by his stomach on a bobbinet. He slid majestically onward, with happy forgetfulness of the dignity belonging to the president of the Towanda Valley railroad and a vestryman of Market Square church.

"That used to be lots of fun," remembered Gail, looking after her Uncle Jim in envy.

"Market Square church has amped millions in charity," the rector said, as he took his sled duty to inform her, as they started up the hill again.

"I'm sorry that the Palisade special will not start without Miss Sargent," he declared, bending upon her an ardent gaze, and bowing upon her a smile which displayed a flush of perfect white teeth.

Gail breathlessly thought him the most dangerously handsome thing she had ever seen, but she missed the foreign accent in him. That would have made him complete.

"I'm sorry that the Palisade special will not start delayed," she cooly told him, but she tempered the deliberateness of that decision with an upward and sidelong glance, which she was startled to recognize in herself as distinct coquetry.

"I have a prior claim," laughed Allison, stepping up and taking her by the arm. "It's my turn to guide Miss Sargent on the two-passenger sled."

There was something new about Allison tonight. There was the thrill and the exultation of youth in his voice, and twenty years seemed to have been dropped from him. There was an intensity about him, too, and also a proprietorlike compulsion, which decided Gail on a certain diversion.

"If it's like our church at home it costs thirty cents to deliver a dime," she retorted, blushing away with bygone recollections. "So long as you can deliver baskets of provisions in person, it is all right, but the minute you let the money out of your sight it filters through too many paid hands. I found this out just before I resigned from our charity committee."

He looked at her in perplexity. She was so young and so pretty, so charming in the exuberance which framed her pale face, so gentle at speech and movement, that her vivacious self and her delicate mind seemed to be two different creatures.

"Why are you so bitter against the church?" and his tone was troubled, not so much about what she had said, but about her.

"I didn't know I was," she confessed, concerned about it herself. "All at once I seem to look at it as an old shoe which should be cast aside. It is so elaborate to do so little good in the world. Morality is on the increase, as any page of history will show."

"I believe that to be true," he hastily assured her, glad to be able to

profession, grabbed a light steel racer from the edge of the bank, and, with a magnificently run, slashed blushee on the sled and darted in pursuit! The rector's lip curled the barest trace at one corner, but Edward E. Allison, looking down the hill, grinned, and lit a cigar.

"Coming Allison?" called Cummings.

"Coming Allison?" called Cummings.

"I don't think I'll ride this trip, thanks," returned Allison, and, as the rector also declined with pleasant thanks, Allison gave the voyagers a hearty push and walked back to the camp fire.

"I received the ultimatum of your reverend today, Doctor Boyd," observed Allison when they were alone. "Still that eventual fifty million."

"Well, yes," returned the rector briefly, and looked up comfortably to the blaze. He was a different man now. "We discussed your proposition thoroughly, and decided that, in ten years, the property is worth fifty million to you, for the purpose you have in mind. Consequently why take less?"

Allison surveyed him shrewdly for a moment.

"That's the argument of a bandit," he remarked. "Why accept all that the passenger has when his friends can raise a little more?"

"I don't see the use of metaphor," retorted the rector, who dealt profits similarly in it. "Business is business."

Allison grunted, and lit his ashes into the fire.

"By George, you're right," he agreed.

"I've been trying to handle you like a church, but now I'm going after you like the business organization you are."

Rev. Smith Boyd reddened. The charge that Market Square church was becoming too general for comfort.

"The vestry has given you the decision," he returned, standing stiff and straight, with his hands clasped behind him. "You may pay for the Vesper court tomorrow, promising a cash sum which, in ten years, will accrue to fifty million dollars, or you may let

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